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went in. And there he beheld George Charles Jermyn, alias Colonel Dumont, in the act of—what, reader?—why shaving to be sure. The man all this time maintained his position at the door, without moving. Mr. Coppinger perceived this, and at once stepped forward with both hands out, (he knew Jermyn would not recognise him, not having met for fifteen years previous):—

"Ah, Mr. Jermyn," said he, "I am delighted to see you! Don't you know your old friend?"

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Jermyn, "though I don't recollect your name;" and they shook hands cordially together. The man on observing this retired.

Mr. Coppinger then produced his document, and very quietly handed it to Mr. Jermyn. This produced rather a startling effect.

"Sir, I don't understand—what's the meaning of this? Come, Sir," he exclaimed, with a fearful oath, "you must not stir! Explain this!"

"It is merely to appoint a law agent. And now, Sir, having completed my business, good morning, Sir."

"Not so soon, if you please," and he sprung towards the bell and Mr. Coppinger, who was standing close beside it. A pistol flashing on his view checked Mr. Jermyn's career. He started back.

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Move one step, and it will be your last. Be quiet—I have not ventured so far without sufficient precaution."

Mr. Jermyn sat down, every limb quivering with ill-concealed passion. Mr. Coppinger stood on a chair, produced his dagger, and cut the bell pull as high as he could reach. He then left the room, locked the door, the key of which fortunately was outside, and hurrying down stairs, got into the cab, and drove off—they got outside the gate, and then put the horse to his speed. In less than three hours Mr. Coppinger was at the Diligence office taking his place, Mr. Gilman standing by his side

embracing him. While receiving Mr. Gilman's congratulations, a gig was seen thundering along the road, drawn by a powerful black horse, whose speed, urged by severe chastisement, was astounding. On he came, and dashed far up the street before his course could be checked. At length he was pulled in, and Mr. Jermyn alighted from the gig, went into the office, and, of course, met Mr. Coppinger. His face grew livid with passion at the rencontre.

"Sir," said he, "I have followed you, to insist on your telling me who you are."

"Well, then," interrupted Mr. Coppinger, "I am sorry you have had so much trouble, as I will tell you nothing about me."

"This gentleman has served me with an order of law," said Jermyn, turning to Mr. Gilman, "who is he?—Do you know him?"

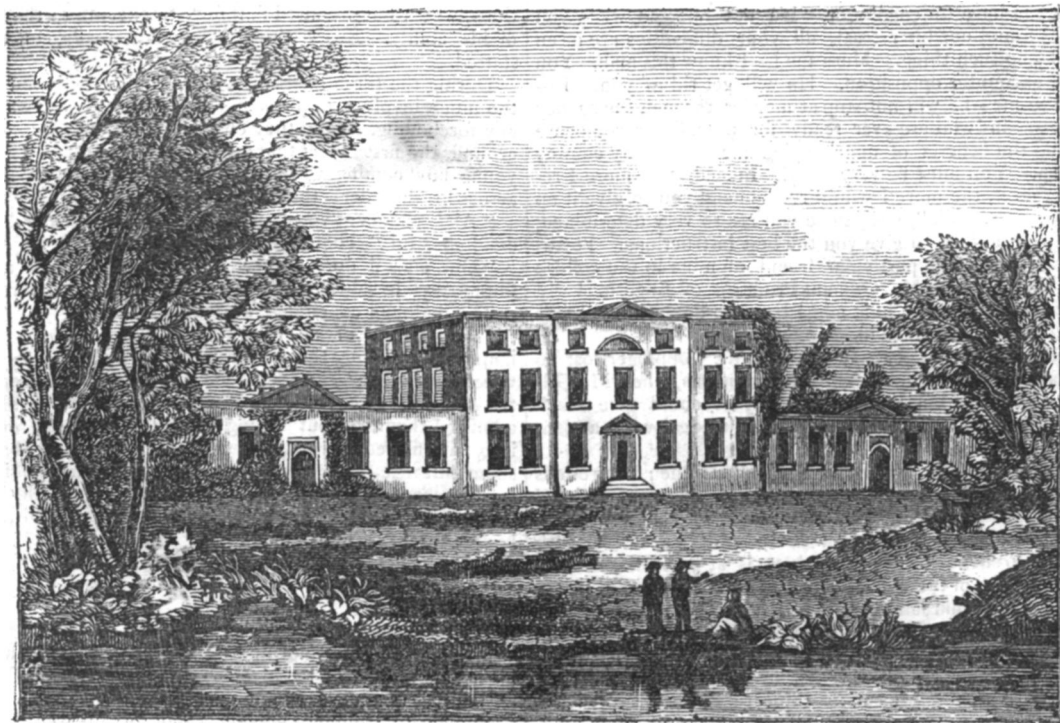
"Mr. Gilman, will you oblige me by writing Mr. Jermyn's—I beg pardon, Colonel Dumont's acknowledgment of the fact in my pocket-book—he might forget it."

"Certainement, vous n'avez pas tort," said Mr. Gilman. Mr. Jermyn was thunderstruck—"Ne le sais pas, et tu seras content." Seeing Mr. Gilman writing without minding him he grew outrageous.

"Mr. Jermyn, there is no use in getting into such a passion—submit quietly, it is the best thing you can do."

As Mr. Gilman said this, the coachman came in, "Messieurs, il est temps de partir. Vite, vite, s'il vous plait—allons, Messieurs." And on they went; and Mr. Coppinger returned to his native land in safety, and has now the satisfaction of reciting his wonderful adventures to his friends, one of whom was your humble servant. J. C.

* * * This story is founded on facts—indeed, every word is true—nor is there one incident which did not occur. Should you think it worthy of publication, it will be immediately recognised by a large portion of your readers, J. C.



THE RUINS OF RIVER LYONS, KING'S COUNTY.

This once splendid mansion, finely situated in the vicinity of Philipstown, was, in 1760, the residence of Henry Lyons, Esq. one of the representatives for the King's

County in the Irish Parliament. He was a gentleman highly esteemed, and was married to the Honourable Mrs Rochford, daughter to the Earl of Belvedere.